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The Young Year.

WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN, '98.

WEET is the year when the spring awakes
The blossoms on April trees;
When the green-touched branch the light
breeze shakes
To the melody sweet that the brown thrush makes,
And the hum of honey bees.

Whispering pleasure is on the wing,
Cool zephyrs fan the flowers,
And fragrance through the blue sky fling,
While birds are tasting the honied spring
In verdant, sunny bowers.

Beatrice Justly Condemned.

MICHAEL M. OSWALD, '98.



N an obscure and gloomy part of Rome is still pointed out the old Cenci palace; and with its dark, weather-beaten walls are yet associated the tragic history and the blackest crimes of one of the oldest patrician families in that city. For three hundred years this sad story, in which an apparently mild and lovely woman was a parricide, has caused universal interest. It has awakened overwhelming feelings of sympathy for the unfortunate Beatrice, and in minds prejudiced against the papal supremacy it has produced all kinds of slanders and calumnies. Beatrice is a figure in history that appeals to orators, poets and painters alike, on account of her pathetic death and great physical beauty. The tales connected with her short life are so captivating in

interest, and so unusual in their character, that we are insensibly drawn to sympathize with Beatrice. It is natural for man to feel for the sufferings of others, but to be satisfied to stop here is not manly; for "while a deep and soul-stirring interest is awakened by the sorrows and sufferings of Beatrice Cenci, a horror of the crime she committed will ever couple her name with infamy." The bias of opinion nowadays inclines men toward defending Beatrice. For this reason they rely on the unhistorical and ideal picture that painters and poets have drawn of this parricide. From their productions, however, has sprung up a new story, in which the horror of the deed is lessened by making Beatrice an "Angel of Parricide." This newly fashioned story is more attractive, and hence is warmly welcomed by ignorant and prejudiced men, who are not only satisfied to seek the justification of Beatrice, but want her glorification. However, as Pindar said long ago, when stern truth is mantled in the garb of beauty it soon will take the appearance of falsehood, and then mislead people.

I shall endeavor to give the best authenticated accounts of the terrible catastrophe in the history of the Cenci family. Then I shall enter into particulars and show where truth has been sacrificed, or, at least, clothed in a deceptive raiment for poetic license and dramatic vividness, and where moral purity and sacred duty have been overpowered by physical beauty; then I shall make a digression as regards Pope Clement VIII. I shall dwell on this point at length, because it will give us a key to the justification of the trial, condemnation and execution of Beatrice. Certainly the prudence, wisdom and justice which characterized this Pope's successful career could never, and did never, allow any selfish motives or unmerciful severity to enter his heart when he condemned Beatrice to death.

Shelley during his travels in Italy received a manuscript containing the horrible accounts of the case as it happened during the pontificate of Clement VIII. It is through this manuscript and the highly prized tragedy of "The Cenci," which Shelley has based upon it, that the English-speaking people mostly become acquainted with the subject.

The story runs that Francesco Cenci, the father of Beatrice, was a descendant of an old patrician family of Rome. He was boundless in wealth, endless in vice, a stranger to all virtues and a sworn enemy to his own wife and children. His whole life was spent in debauchery and unspeakable crimes. He was married twice. By his first wife he had twelve children, seven of whom lived. There are no evidences that he was cruel toward his children while they were yet young and under the care of their real mother; but in his advanced age he conceived a most implacable hatred toward them. When he heard that two of his sons had been killed he seemed to rejoice, and declared that he would not be happy until all were dead, and that then he would bring all his possessions together in a pile and make a bonfire of them. To prevent Beatrice from marrying, as her sister had done, he confined her in a room which he alone entered to abuse her in the most shameful manner.

The ill-used child, however, grew up into a woman of surpassing beauty, in spite of all this violence. At the same time began that powerful mental struggle that ended in the perversion of her nature and led speedily to the frightful catastrophe after Francesco Cenci had reached the climax of his sinful life. He made a loathsome attempt to violate his daughter's purity. Beatrice, then, no longer able to bear the insults, determined to put an end to his life. Beatrice made known her plan to her stepmother, Lucretia. Since both had received the same indescribable treatment from Francesco, they naturally sympathized with each other. Accordingly these feeble women conceived a crime that would have appalled the stoutest-hearted villain—a wife and her step-daughter conspired to effect the death of a husband and father. Guerra, the lover of Beatrice, was also made the depository of their dreadful secret, and his assistance was solicited. He provided the murderers,—Marzio and Olimpio.

At this period when danger was so near, Francesco left his palace in Rome, and went with his family to his castle in Apulia, where the crime was committed. To carry their

wicked plans more easily into effect, Beatrice and Lucretia gave Francesco a strong opiate. Then Marzio and Olimpio, the two assassins, were led into the chamber of Francesco on the night of September 9, 1598. When the two bravos saw the old man sleeping peacefully they lost courage to perpetrate the unhallowed crime. They returned innocent from the room. Beatrice became very indignant at them, and stirred them up to enter the room a second time. Under her direction they then thrust long iron pins through the corners of Francesco's eyes into his brain. Immediately after this deed, so horrible and tragical in its reality, Beatrice and Lucretia threw the corpse through the window into a large tree, the branches of which mutilated it so much in its fall, that when found on the next morning, it presented the appearance of an accidental death. But the murder was soon suspected. Rocca-di-Petrella, the scene of the murder, was situated in Neapolitan territory. The court of Naples proceeded to make an inquisition into the case as soon as the suspected crime was intimated to them. Finally, Marzio revealed the whole plot.

Meanwhile Beatrice and Lucretia returned to Rome where they spent in their old palace the few months that elapsed between the crime and its punishment. Here they received the news that the courts of Naples had indicted them for murder. In the subsequent trial Beatrice strongly denied that she was guilty; but while she feigned ignorance of her crime, she applied but a sharper edge to the unhappy feelings of her inner life. Finally the case was referred to the Holy Father. Beatrice acknowledged her guilt with great reluctance. She said: "That which I ought to confess that will I confess; that to which I ought to assent to that will I assent; and that which I ought to deny that I will deny." The Pope then ordered that so hideous a crime should be punished by an ignominious death. The sentence was that Beatrice and Lucretia should be publicly beheaded. The execution was hastened on account of a matricide that took place in the city about the same time. Beatrice was executed on September 11, 1599, a year after the murder of her father.

Much of the story is involved in great obscurity. I have, accordingly, omitted many of the minor details, which have no direct bearing upon the point to be discussed. Beatrice has always had her defenders as well as accusers. Those that have espoused her

cause have at all times endeavored to extenuate her crime and make Francesco a more hideous monster than he really was. While trying to shift quickly the scenes of the murder that took place at Rocca-di-Petrella, they have described at length the feminine beauty of Beatrice, and they have pictured in the most captivating language her pathetic death. Some have even gone so far as to justify her crime, while others allege that she had no part at all in the murder. These, however, are extremes that need no refutation,—or, rather, are not worthy of a refutation.

Count Francesco Cenci surely was a troublesome and violent man. He was often involved in lawsuits on account of his disorders and debaucheries. Shelley makes Francesco himself give us the key to his vitiated heart, when he puts these words in his mouth:

"When I was young I thought of nothing else
But pleasure; and I fed on honey sweets.
.... Yet, till I killed a foe,
And heard his groans, and heard his children's groans
Knew I not what delight was else on earth."

Again Shelley makes the count disclose the blackest part of his heart when he utters the infamous curse upon his children:

"I pray Thee, God, send some quick death on my sons.
Bernardo and my wife could not be worse
If dead and damned!—Then as to Beatrice"—

the old villain himself did not dare to speak the vile word.

Still Francesco Cenci was not wickedness personified. In spite of all his acts of cruelty and his disorderly conduct, there was still in his heart a spark of goodness, which in his decrepit old age might have exploded all the violent passions of his heart and restored peace between him and his family, if it had not been extinguished by an untimely death. He had built a chapel in his palace, dedicated it to St. Thomas and established Masses for the repose of his soul after death. He seems to have lived peacefully with his first wife. If, indeed, he had been notorious for treating his first wife and children roughly, he would never have got a chance to marry a second time. This is, perhaps, the strongest and simplest argument to show that he was not a public rascal during his early life. With Lucretia, his second wife, however, he lived in constant trouble. He had no children by this unhappy union. Yet we know that Francesco was very niggardly, and wished to have no one to share his wealth while he was living. Hence we can easily imagine how the vicious inclinations of this

unnatural father expanded at once into the grossest vices when his children were grown up and when they tried by force to take their patrimony and to separate themselves from their wicked parent.

Shelley in his tragedy of "The Cenci" tends toward extenuating the crime of Beatrice. He himself tells us that he wrote his drama for a dramatic purpose, not for a dogmatic. In trying to prepare this tragical event, in itself so highly repugnant, for the stage, he had to use all his poetic and dramatic license in order to diminish the horror by making Francesco a villain, worse than any Shakspere ever depicted, and changing Beatrice into a strong, courageous and amiable character. Shelley, however, never intended to justify Beatrice. He himself tells us: "I have sought to avoid the error of making the characters actuated by my conceptions of right and wrong, false or true. They are represented as Catholics, and as Catholics deeply tinged with religion." It is due chiefly to the descriptions and paintings of the great beauty of Beatrice and her pathetic death that many are disposed to seek her justification; though they feel, in spite of themselves, that she has done what needs justification. There is a portrait of Beatrice still preserved in the Barbarini Palace at Rome. It was made by Guido during the confinement of Beatrice, shortly before her execution. Before this picture Shelley received an inspiration when he transferred from the painting into language that intense feeling which overcomes one when standing before it. He describes it as follows:

"There is a fixed and pale composure upon the features. She seems sad and stricken down in spirit; yet the despair thus expressed is lightened by the patience of gentleness. Her head is bound with folds of white drapery, from which the yellow strings of her golden hair escape and fall about her neck. The moulding of her face is exquisitely delicate; the eyebrows are distinct and arched; the lips have that permanent meaning of imagination and sensibility which suffering has not repressed and which it seems as if death could scarcely extinguish. Her forehead is large and clear; her eyes, which we are told were remarkable for their vivacity, are swollen with weeping and lustreless, but beautifully tender and serene. In her whole mein there is a simplicity and dignity which, united with her deep sorrow, are inexpressibly pathetic. Beatrice Cenci seems to have been one of those rare persons

in whom energy and gentleness dwell together without destroying each other—her nature was simple and profound. The crimes and miseries in which she was actor and sufferer, are as the mask and mantle in which circumstances clothed her for her impersonation on the scene of the world."

By descriptions of this kind, together with the touching scene of her death, the defenders of Beatrice have succeeded in insinuating into the public mind many false notions about the true, historical Beatrice. Their arguments appeal strongly to the emotions of the human heart; but they are all confined within the narrow bounds of the circumstantial death of Beatrice without going back to the causes of it. In fact, they entirely lose sight of that long, deliberate planning of the parricide, and they see in Beatrice only that young and extremely beautiful girl, marching at the end of a sad procession to the scaffold. No wonder that they are overwhelmed by the horror of Beatrice's death, and, to avenge her, spout forth from a disturbed and muddy fountain bitter calumnies against Pope Clement VIII.!

The execution scene, is indeed, most touching. When the last hour had come, Beatrice said to her step-mother: "Mother, the hour of our departure is drawing near; let us therefore dress in these clothes of mourning and let us mutually aid each other in this last office." In her sad face, there was an expression of resignation, and a calmness inspired by the hope to meet soon a mild Judge. The eyes of all the spectators were filled with tears as she passed by and prayed aloud. Before the fatal stroke that severed the head from the body was given, she arose and in a clear tone uttered her last prayer: "O my divine Saviour, who didst die upon the cross for me and for all mankind, grant, I beseech Thee, that one drop of Thy precious blood may insure my salvation, and that, guilty as I am, Thou wilt admit me into Thy heavenly paradise." Then, turning to the executioner, she added: "Thou art about to bind my body for its punishment, mayst thou likewise unbind my soul for its eternal salvation."

These last words of Beatrice make our hearts throb with a painful interest. We are at a loss what to think or say. Feeling and reason begin to exchange places. We lose sight of all her crimes which we willingly forgive her. And this is right; it is Christian. We can not help sympathizing with Beatrice. Men who could behold her on the scaffold without being

moved to pity and tears, would be like Count Francesco to whom the pains of others were a source of pleasure. There are, however, moments when our deepest feelings of pain or pity overmaster the powers of the mind, render our intellects blind to everything except what affects us, and make us stubborn to listen to reason. In such moments we would not even believe a blind Tiresias, whose keen intellectual eye sees far beyond our vision, if he were to tell us the truth and cause of this agitating subject. But to stop here and jump from passionate feelings to conclusions that the Pope condemned Beatrice unjustly to so shameful a death, is unjust,—not to use any harsher word. How was it that not even the relatives of the Cenci raised a cry of horror against the Pope's sentence, if they had not felt that Beatrice deserved it? Those that defend Beatrice either stand on no ground at all, being carried off on the wings of a restless imagination, or they stand with an uncertain foot on the slippery ground of prejudice.

In the *Catholic World* (Vol. 38), there is an exact account of this story. It contains a number of very important documents and solid arguments based on the long and patient researches of Philip Scolari among the Italian libraries and archives. According to this article Beatrice was not that young, virtuous paragon of innocence and candor, nor that holy martyr, nor even that "Angel of Parricide," which ungrounded popular tradition has made her. It is said in the same article that Beatrice had infamous relations with Olimpio, one of the assassins of her father, and that on this account she gladly submitted to the seclusion imposed upon her by her father to hide her weakness from the world. Much of this conjecture, however, is implicated in deep mystery, and until it is proved with greater certainty, I respect the last farewell words of Beatrice to her brother Bernardo,—even though these words may have been invented by Shelley:

"For thine own sake be constant to the love
Thou bearest us, and to the faith that I,
Though wrapt in a strange cloud of crime and shame
Lived ever holy and unstained."

Five months elapsed after the murder before any advocate could be had to plead the cause of Beatrice. Then three distinguished advocates took up her defence. But in face of a deliberate and long premeditated parricide, clemency would have been weakness and pardon an infamous act against the safety of family bonds and the order of society. All pleading

was in vain before the Pontiff. Beatrice and Lucretia could not even receive a private death. Their crime was public and their punishment was to be of the same kind. However, the directness of the Pope's final decision was prolonged by his mercy, and the tone of his apparent severity was softened by his pity. Cardinal Baronius says, that at the moment of the execution the Holy Father raised his hands and gave to those whom he had condemned the apostolic indulgence for the dying. To say, as some have done, that the Pope condemned the Cenci to death, because he avariciously desired to confiscate all the wealth of Francesco, is the height of nonsense. Guerrazzi, a bitter enemy of the papacy, published in 1854, while in prison, an article in which he says that Pope Clement VIII. was a cruel tyrant that did not hesitate to shed the blood of an entire innocent family. However, Guerrazzi himself refutes most strongly his own false charge when he says, "the anguish of a prisoner produces poison, not honey."

Another reason why the tragical death of Beatrice Cenci is thrown up from time to time against the Pope by men who ignore the papal supremacy, is because he was so warm and zealous a defender of the Jesuits, the great opponents of the reformers in France. Clement VIII. showed many examples of learning, prudence and mercy during his successful reign. When he was elected Pope, there was great rejoicing in Rome, because all the people knew that he was a man of integrity, of learning and, above all, of the spirit of God. He caused a treaty of peace to be made between France and Spain. The persecuting Henry IV. of France he converted into a zealous protector of the Catholics in that country, so that Saint Francis de Sales says, when speaking of the death of Henry IV.: "The best fortune of this great monarch was his becoming a son of the Church and thereby the father of France; his becoming a sheep of the Good Shepherd, and therefore himself the shepherd of his own people; the conversion of his heart unto God, and thereby converting unto himself the hearts of all good Catholics."

When the Jesuits and Dominicans were at a great dispute on the question of the "Harmony of grace with the free-will of man," Clement again showed his eminent prudence. Even Ranke describes him thus: "The new Pope showed the most exemplary activity in the

exercise of his dignity. In his person were always observed those sentiments and manners which agree with the idea of a good, pious and wise man."

Pope Clement VIII. was a man endowed with a deep sense of justice. When the murder of Francesco was laid before him, he felt at once that a premeditated parricide, which is so unnatural and unhuman, especially when committed by a princely daughter, must be punished according to its malice. Moreover, he was forced to give rein to justice when another crime of similar nature was perpetrated immediately after that of Beatrice, in order to cure the evil at its root. If he had allowed it to pass unpunished, those that know and feel that parricide is an atrocious crime would have vigorously protested against the Pope's unjust mercy. Besides, the Holy Father was a man of few words. But did not Euripides long ago show in the example of *Ægeus* and *Medea*, where *Ægeus* approaches *Medea* with a boastful tongue as the great ruler of Corinth, that a ruler must be brief and determined in such cases if his word is to be respected and obeyed? Pope Clement did not fall beneath his dignity when the advocates pleaded the cause of Beatrice; but he remained firm—a man of thought rather than of imprudent measures of mercy, though his heart was moved as he tells us afterward. In the act of the condemnation, he holds out to us the stern considerations of law and order, and compels the assent of our reason and conscience, though, perhaps, against our first inclinations. And when, transported with veneration for the purity of the laws, he rises into something higher than human, we are silenced; no longer censuring but admiring him as he looks toward heaven at the moment of the execution and raises his hands in benediction for those whom he had condemned.

Let, then, the defenders of Beatrice lay down that shameful weapon of calumny, used by cowards only, and grapple boldly with the truth, though repugnant in its bare exposition, in order to emerge from darkness into light; for, as a fair-minded and impartial historian has said, "nothing in the history of the Middle Ages has been more frequently misrepresented and more grossly calumniated, yet nothing is more worthy of admiration, than the conduct of the Popes in the long struggle which they maintained against the depravity and tyranny of princes in defence of religion and social order."

Varsity Verse.

OLD OCEAN.

WITH a crash and whirl and a backward swirl
And a curtain of glittering spray,
Comes the wave's great shock on the sturdy
rock—
"Old Ocean's herself today."

Now the wild winds sweep o'er the surging deep,
In a reckless boisterous way,
And the crests leap high toward the brooding sky—
"Old Ocean's herself today."

The mariner sings as the good ship brings
Him safely into the bay,
And this is his song as he speeds along,
"Old Ocean's herself today."

The sea and the sky and the land near by
Take up the roaring lay,
And the chorus is sung in a hoarser tongue,
"Old Ocean's herself today."

P. F. E.

ABERRATION.

From out my window's casement height
I look with wondering eyes,
And watch the stars that through the night
Unerring cross the skies.

Ah! now I see that when my ways
Are viewed at from afar,
The path I leave for after days
Goes not on as yon star.

E. A. D.

WHERE IS POETRY?

In the slightest quiver
Of the brooklet's song,
That toward the river,
Turning, rolls along.

In the peal of thunder,
From an angry cloud,
Through the valley under
Calling deep and loud.

In the faintest flicker
Of a fading spark,
Lessening quick and quicker,
Dying in the dark.

In the alluring power
Of the perfumed rose;
In the scentless flower
That scarce noticed grows.

In the brilliant glowing
Of the sun's full beams
Through a rent cloud flowing
Out in flaming streams.

In the downward trailing
Caravan of stars
That are westward sailing
In their silent cars.

ST. J. O'S.

Greek and Mathematics in Education.

JAMES J. TRAHEY, '99.

In modern times we hear much discussion about the relative merits of Greek and mathematics. Some hold that Greek surpasses mathematics both as a means to discipline the student's mental faculties, and to broaden and enrich his mind. Others favor the study of mathematics, and boldly assert that the science of mathematics has done more for posterity in the way of invention and mechanical improvement in a decade, than all the Greek literature studied since the days of Homer. Such partisans of mathematics employ the *argumentum ad hominem*, and forget that this debate on the relative merits of Greek and mathematics does not pertain to modern improvement, but rather to the development and education of the human mind. Some time ago the German schools did away with the study of Greek and substituted in its place mathematics. The experiment proved an utter failure.

I hold that the study of Greek is superior to that of mathematics. The inflection, intricacy of construction and oratorical ellipsis of the Greek language render it equal to any abstract science merely as a means to discipline the mind. This can easily be shown by comparing the intricacies of the Greek with those of a problem in mathematics. My first illustration is a literal translation of a sentence taken from the *De Corona* of Demosthenes and a mathematical problem—a *muga difficilis*, as Voltaire has styled it. Both, of course, are intended to show the mental exertion required of him who would translate the one and solve the other.

Here is the first: "The for my administration, which this fellow abuses, instead of on the one hand, as all thought, with Philip the Thebans to make a joint expedition into the land, with us having arranged themselves that to hinder it, made, in place of on the other hand, of the in the Attica the war to be *zoo stadii* upon the of the Boetian confines to take place, instead of again of the pirates us to carry of, and to lead from the Euboea in peace. . . . and in preference of the Hellespont to have Philip, who took Bugantium, to join in making war the Bugantians with us against that fellow." The meandering of this sentence suggests some of Mark Twain's humor.

Now listen to the profound mathematical labyrinth: "Find three numbers such that the

difference between the squares of two of them added to the number three, will always form a square, and the sum of their differences added to the same cube, will still produce a square."

Again consider the student that is studying spherical angles. He begins to think that plane angles are sufficient to make him dizzy now and then, but spherical angles bewilder him. A few lessons in these, however, convince him, that they are not so extremely difficult, after all, and finally he concludes that, like all the exact sciences, their solution is contained in pure reasoning only; and since axioms are absolutely unchangeable, his progress in geometrical problems of any kind will depend on his knowledge of the science's first principles, and the deeper the foundation of this knowledge, the quicker and more accurate will be his conclusions. In fine, he has a guide or standard that will hold good at all times and in all cases.

This is not so, however, with the student who is patiently wading through the First Book of Thucydides. After encountering an endless string of genitive absolutes whose parallel is found only in the 14th chapter of the First Book of Cæsar's Commentaries, where we find a swarm of ablative absolutes, the fatigued student pushes forward through this dense forest, until he meets the famous speech of Pericles. Here he has reached a climax, and all his mathematical problems dwindle into nothingness. He must now face a triple combat—the Greek construction, with its various inflections, the writer's depth of thought, and his elliptical sentences. Hence I feel justified in concluding that the study of Greek is equal to that of the abstract sciences, considered simply as a means to discipline the mind.

Now the objection may be set forth: The moral influence of the Greek classics is not at times wholesome for the morals of young persons. I answer that the student is absolutely free from any stumbling-block in the Greek literature, at least until he begins to read Homer. Here, of course, the Pagan mythology may occasionally furnish food for immoral thoughts. But the average student at this period of his existence has passed the years of childhood, and consequently, if we may grant him judgment at all, he is certainly able to distinguish the immorality of any passage he may meet. Moreover, this same student, as a rule, will be called upon to read the first, third and sixth books of the "Iliad," and personal experience has taught me that these books contain few

lines that might be considered offensive. In fine, St. Basil's teacher says that "all the poetry of Homer is a praise of virtue," and St. Basil himself was so pleased with a striking example of chastity in the "Odyssey" that he quoted it in his writings to illustrate primitive simplicity and purity.

Now there remains for me to show that when the student has completed his elementary course—that is, has finished his Euclid and Xenophon—the Greek comes to the front, and makes his mind broader, his judgment equally as accurate, and his thoughts far richer, than does the higher mathematics. Keeping in mind these words of Chateaubriand, "The man who has bequeathed to the world one single moral precept, one affecting sentiment, has rendered to society a greater service than the mathematician who discovered the beautiful properties of the triangle," we will consider briefly the intellectual, life-giving principle, the concreteness and richness of thought that the Greeks have left to posterity, through the medium of the Epic, the Tragedy and the Ode. But to understand this principle of intellectual life, this fountain from whose crystal streams the world's great men have drunk refreshing water, we must first know what the word poetry means. Newman defines poetry "to be the gift of moving the affections through the imagination, and its object to be the beautiful."

If, as we have already seen, the puzzles of a Greek sentence—the characteristics, arrangement, termination, contraction, tense, mood, and an infinity of other considerations—afford the student a mental discipline equal to that derived from a problem in mathematics, consider the thorough training of a mind disciplined by the intricacies that conquered St. Augustine, and nourished by thoughts so rich and expressions so beautiful that the renowned critic, Longinus, placed Demosthene's *De Corona* second only to the inspired writings of St. Paul.

The purity and elegance of style, the harmonious, majestic language of sorrow, joy, compassion and religious emotion that animate the dramas of Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides; the free, manly, simple, energetic style of Homer; and last, though not least, the patriotic strains of the Pindaric Ode,—these are the rivulets whose fountain-head is Greek poetry; these are the intellectual food placed before the student of Greek literature; these, I sincerely think, will ever stand one step higher than the abstract notions of any mathematical science.

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day.

ST. JOHN O'SULLIVAN, 1900.

The position of the Catholic Church in respect to the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day is to be considered here. Was the Church accountable for that crime? We intend to show that she was not. Let us first examine a few circumstances under which the Church would be accountable.

The Church is a teacher. Now, if she taught that it was the duty of her members to murder unbelievers, she would be responsible, should her members act according to this teaching. Under this head she is evidently clear from responsibility of the massacre. She does not teach thus. If those that represented the Church plotted the massacre for the Church's welfare, then the Church could be held accountable. Briefly, for the Church to be responsible, two conditions are necessary. The first condition is: those representing the Church must have plotted, carried out, or approved the massacre; the second: they must have plotted, carried out, or approved it for the welfare of the Church.

The representatives of the Church did not plot the massacre. In the councils held by the queen-mother Catherine, and by the king, in which the murder of Coligny and the general massacre was plotted, we can not find anywhere that a bishop, a priest, or any religious was admitted. Who plotted it then? And what were the motives of those that caused it? Let us consult a few historians.

Froude (Vol. X., Page 410, His. of England) says: "Catherine de Medici had designed the political murder of a few innocent persons, with a wicked expectation that their friends in return might kill Guise and his uncle, whose power was troublesome to her." If those holding authority in the Church designed the slaughter of the Huguenots, that the Church might prosper, Froude was not one to allow so convenient an opportunity of laying reproach at the door of the Church to pass unnoticed. Rankin, "a minister of Glasgow," in his "History of France," says that the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day was deeply planned by Catherine, mother of the king, for the destruction of her political enemies. He quotes at length a refusal on the part of Viscount Ortez, governor of Bayonne, "a Catholic," to obey the orders of the king.

Lingard in his History of England (Vol. VI., p. 138) says: "The bloody tragedy had been planned and executed in Paris with so much expedition that its authors had not determined on what ground to justify or palliate their conduct. The king was obliged to acknowledge in Parliament that he signed the order for the death of the Admiral (Coligny)." Guizot (Vol. II., page 380, His. of England) says: "It was to free themselves from the preponderating influence which he [Coligny] was beginning to assume over the king that Catherine de Medici and her son, Duke of Anjou. . . . had concerted and accomplished the massacre. . . ."

From an examination of letters sent by Salviati, the Papal Nuncio at Paris, to Pope Gregori XIII., we learn that he wrote his dispatches to Rome in cipher, so that if they fell into the hands of King Charles, they could not be read. He describes Catherine de Medici—the recognized author of the massacre—as jealous of the influence of Coligny over the king; said that she resolved to put him to death, and plotted with Condé and the Duke of Guise to have him assassinated. These letters of Salviati were procured by Chateaubriand when ambassador at the Papal court, about the year 1829, and given by him to Mackintosh who made use of them in his "History of England." They plainly indicate that neither Salviati nor Pope Gregory XIII. knew anything about the intended massacre.

Did representatives of the Catholic Church in France carry out the massacre? Let us trace their actions and see whether their conduct betrays them. We have already noticed the Papal Nuncio, Salviati. From his letters we learn that he hardly knew what the riots were all about, much less that he took any part in them. The Bishop of Lisieux, replying to the lieutenant sent by the king with orders to massacre the Huguenots of that place, is quoted thus:

"I will never consent to your executing the orders you have received. I am the pastor of the Church of Lisieux, and the sheep you would slaughter are of my flock. It is true they have gone astray; but I do not despair of one day bringing them back again into the fold of Jesus Christ. I can not find in the Gospel that the shepherd ought to suffer the blood of his sheep to be shed; on the contrary, I read that he is obliged to lay down his life for them. Go back, therefore, with the order which shall never be executed while God preserves me alive. He has lengthened my days only that

I may spend them in promoting the spiritual and temporal welfare of my flock."

John Gilmary Shea, reviewing White's book on this question,—a work by all means unfriendly to the Church—thus quotes from it: "A drunken mob committed the murders at Troyes which filled the humane Catholics with horror." Buckle, who is said to speak favorably of Catholics only when forced to do so, in his "Civilization" says: "The crimes of the French Protestants were as revolting as those of the Catholics, and quite as numerous, relatively to the number and power of the two parties." "The possession of wealth," Mezerey remarks, "an envied position, or the existence of greedy heirs, stamped a man as a Huguenot." What does this mean? It means that, in most cases, those that carried out the massacre were either men striving for high positions, who took advantage of the confusion to do away with the ones standing between themselves and the envied places; or heirs that cleared the way by murder for their delayed fortunes.

Did the representatives of the Church approve the murder of the Huguenots?

When the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day was accomplished, the king informed the Sovereign Pontiff, according to Brentome, that a great victory had been gained over conspirators against society, religion and the state. Thus the Pope was misled into authorizing a *Te Deum*; for he believed that the words of the king were honest. As soon, however, as he learned the truth about the massacre—in those days a long, difficult process—he shed bitter tears, and censured the king for permitting so great a crime."

As to the legend, "The Pontiff approves the death of Coligny,"—in what spirit did he approve it? What were the circumstances surrounding his act of approval? Raffles, in his "Annals of Gregory XIII.," the most authentic account of that Pope's life, according to Ranke, says:

"At this time the Pope was personally informed by the Cardinal of Lorraine (brother of the Duke of Guise that had been assassinated by an agent of Coligny) that King Charles, for his own security and for the peace of his kingdom, had put to death the Admiral (Coligny) who was the head and principal supporter of the Huguenots. And, although he had been thus freed from great trouble, the Pope did not show signs of more than ordinary gratification, as if a member of his body had been amputated by a painful operation. He

returned thanks to the divine greatness at home, and on the following day went publicly in solemn procession from St. Mark's to the Church of St. Louis."

This giving of thanks by the Pope might appear injurious to the cause of those that would defend the Church in this question; but if we look into the matter, we will see that the Pope gave thanks for the death of one that he understood to have been plotting for the murder of King Charles, but was frustrated in his plans. While the Pope had false information about the massacre, while he yet believed that conspirators had been foiled in their attempts to assassinate a king—this was the time when he ordered rejoicings and caused the commemorative medal to be struck.

In the most unreasonable pamphlets of those times, only three of the clergy in France are mentioned as taking part in the massacre, or approving it. These are the Bishop of Troyes, Father Edmund Auger, and Sorbin, the king's confessor at Orleans. Henry White, in his "Massacre of St. Bartholomew," does not mention either the Bishop of Troyes or Sorbin as implicated in the massacre. This plainly indicates that the charges against them had been proved false. However, he asserts that the preaching of Father Auger caused the massacre at Bordeaux. White does not give any authority for this; he merely asserts it.

The character of Father Auger easily clears him of this charge. He was a missionary laboring among Protestants. He had once been led to the gallows for his faith by order of Borondes Adrets; but so well known were his virtues and goodness that Protestants and Catholics alike raised their voices to save him.

A view of those times will show us that the Catholic religion was the state religion of France; that the Huguenot Calvinists were a revolutionary party in the state. It will show us that the king, at the instance of his mother, made use of a murderous means—for the welfare of the Catholic religion? No; for the sake of clinging to his throne.

In nearly every account of those times, we see that King Charles IX. concealed from the Pope and the whole Catholic world the circumstances of the massacre. What else could have prompted him to do this but fear of being censured by them? The Catholic Church is not accountable for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day; but the vicious nature of men to use any means, however base they may be, to retain power—this is accountable.

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—The new gymnasium is now well on its way of building. On Monday, Captain Anson, who will be present to umpire our opening game of baseball, will also be present at the laying of the corner-stone of the new home of the athletes.

—The band concert was one of the most successful ever given at Notre Dame. Now that it is drawing on toward June, it is to be hoped that the evening concerts in the open air will be begun early. For Notre Dame they are a delight.

—The baseball season will open on Monday when Notre Dame will have opportunity to try her strength against the men from Michigan. During the last week, the Varsity has been playing well, so well that our hopes for victory are founded almost on certainty. Our men have been working hard with good results. Again the monition is given to the rooters. All know the yells now; the only thing necessary is organization. A scattering fire is not so strong as a broadside. Let those with lusty voices gather on the bleachers, and be ready at the downfall of the leader's cane to let out their voices and root. There are times to yell and times not to yell, which is the ethics of yelling. No matter: follow your leader and do your part; the Varsity will bear its burden, let us say, lightly.

The Band Concert.

By its work on Easter Monday the University Band of '97-'98 has proved itself the best we have had in many years, probably the best in the history of Notre Dame. When a college organization of this kind attempts, and plays well, too, difficult compositions like the "Grand Selections of Gounod's 'Faust'" and "Zampa," selections that even the best-trained professional concert bands have difficulty with, we may well feel proud of Notre Dame's best musical organization. Professor Preston has worked hard while preparing for the concert, and the members of the Band have responded so well to his efforts that when the audience filed out of Washington Hall not an adverse criticism could be heard. The present Band has several reeds, a lack of which was a serious drawback to last year's organization, and it has been further strengthened by the return this year of Messrs. Vick and Thomas O'Brien who were members of the Band two years ago, and whose equals on their respective instruments could hardly be found outside of the professional ranks. Their duet from "Il Trovatore" was rendered with smoothness and finish, and the accompaniment, with the exception of the first few bars, was played with precision. Mr. Vick O'Brien's difficult cornet solo "Annie Laurie,"—air Varie—was rendered in splendid style and the applause given was well merited. The Band has attempted in former concerts no selection so difficult as the overture to "Zampa," and none, we believe, has ever been rendered so satisfactorily. Much hard work fell to the cornets, and the evenness with which these parts were played reflects much credit on the cornetists. The "Faust" was delightful, especially the waltzes and Mr. Elmer Murphy's solo. The tone he brings from his instrument is absolutely faultless. All of the marches were given with a dash that was captivating, especially Professor Preston's stirring new composition, "The Golden Dome," which was played for the first time on Monday.

Variety was given to the concert by the efforts of the University Band Vocal Quartette, a new organization that made an excellent impression on its first appearance. Mr. Crowley's recitations were also creditable efforts, and they were received so well that he was compelled to respond to an encore. Altogether, the concert was a decided success, a success that we hope to see repeated at an early date.

The Philopatrian Entertainment.

Our youngest of players, the Philopatrians, have opened the eyes of the elders by proving that they are as much at home behind the foot-lights as those that boast of some ability in dramatics. The large play was done in miniature, and though the princes and kings and courtiers spoke their lines in treble voices and looked wofully small in their plush and satin costumes, everything was successful. It is not often that the members of this youngest society give a play, which brings all the more credit to those that made the performance of Wednesday.

Before the play began, the Minims, the young patriots, in cadet uniforms and with flags of their country in their hands, went through an intricate drill as fairly and as carefully as could be expected from trained soldiers. And in this time of the talk of war it seemed that the country could be assured of success, when even the youngest in years take such pride in the Stars and Stripes and are able to march and countermarch at the command. The pyramid, with the colors floating at the highest, was very pretty.

Perhaps there was a slight trembling in the hearts of the players as the curtain rose on the play; but if there was, there was no sign of it to the audience. Each one stood out boldly and spoke the lines clearly as if it were an ordinary thing for them to appear in costume. There was no faltering, no hesitancy, no break in the speeches; everything went off smoothly. Surely fortune favored the young players.

The play, *The Blind Boy*, a drama in three acts, has been given in Washington Hall many times before, but never with greater success. The story, of course, is that of all melodramas. Little Prince Edmund, who was born blind, was put into the hands of Oberto, a peasant, by the queen-mother, who feared that King Stanislaus would become enraged at finding his son a frail and blind infant. Another infant is substituted as Rudolph. As the scene opens, the time is near the wedding-day of Prince Rudolph; justice comes unexpectedly, however, to put things aright, in the way of a letter written by the queen on her death bed. Oberto forces his way to the king; tells the story, and the Prince Rudolph is cast out to make way for Edmund, the blind boy.

Master Leo J. Garrity, as Edmund, deserves much of the credit that is to be given for

the success. For one so young he put much feeling into his words and sustained his part evenly through the play. Oberto, played by J. A. Clyne, was also very well done. It is somewhat difficult for a Philopatrian to bridge the chasm of years that lies between him and old age. The transformation is almost too great. Nevertheless, Master Clyne did it as well as it could have been done. Oberto's son, Elvino, was taken by H. S. Fink. His voice was clear and there was not the slightest accident to mar his acting. Molino, the eccentric fellow, was also one of the best characters in the cast. It was taken by W. J. McNichols, who is to be thanked for the humor of the meddlesome character anxious to see the display of the prince's wedding feast. Kalig, a reduced gentleman, taken by A. C. Friedman and E. A. Sheekey as Starow, fellow plotter of Rudolph, and O. P. Carney as Rudolph, all did very well in the parts assigned them, and with them is E. Staples, the good King of Sarmatia. As for the rest of the cast, it was as near perfect as any players could have made it.

The merry makers in the second act were as blithe as merry makers ever were; and with their costumes of gold and blue made as pretty a scene in their dance, as was ever witnessed in Washington Hall. All in all, the Philopatrians have made a name for themselves, and their entertainments will always be looked forward to by the students of Notre Dame.

THE PROGRAM.

Overture—"Cluster of Peaches" University Orchestra
Drill The Young Patriots
Selection University Orchestra

"THE BLIND BOY."

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

Cast of Characters.

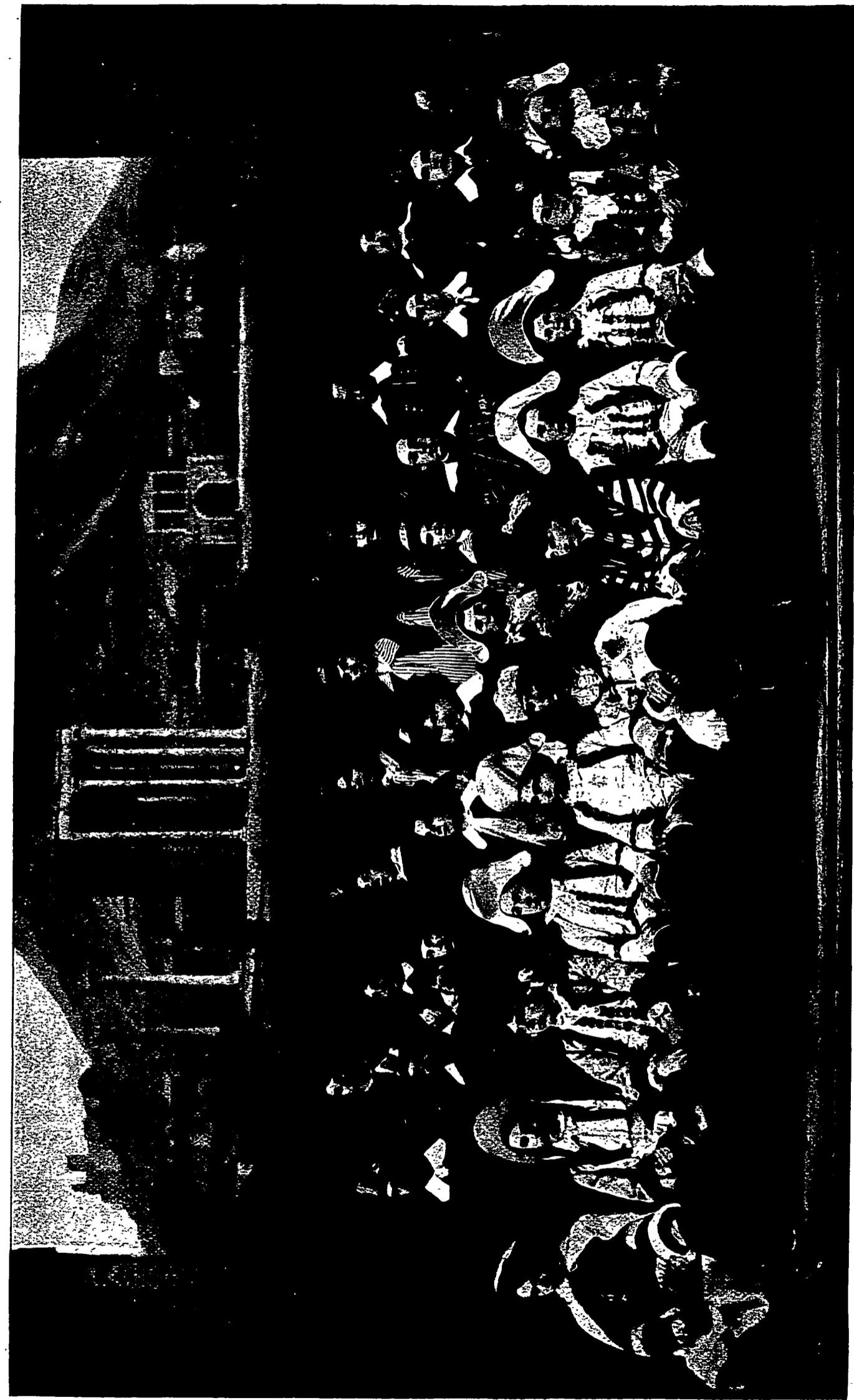
Edmund, the blind boy	L. J. Garrity
Oberto, an honest farmer	J. A. Clyne
Stanislaus, King of Sarmatia	E. D. Staples
Rudolph, heir to the throne	O. P. Carney
Elvino, Oberto's son	H. S. Fink
Molino, an eccentric fellow	W. J. McNichols
Starow, Rudolph's friend	E. A. Sheekey
Kalig, a reduced gentleman	A. C. Friedman
Courtiers—D. J. Padden, N. Michels, A. W. O'Malley N. J. Hogan, E. E. McCarthy, G. R. Cowie	
Villagers—J. Putnam, H. Bloch, O. McMahon, J. Morgan	
Hunters—J. Furlong, C. W. Kasper, W. Land, G. Morley	
Guards—W. W. Bellinger, G. W. Holmes, C. Leffingwell P. Graham	

Act I	Oberto's farm
Act II	Park near the palace
Act III	Vistula Terrace
Time and place—Sarmatia during the reign of King Stanislaus.	

MERRY MAKERS IN ACT II.

Masters A. J. Philips, G. S. Weidman, W. P. Mueller, E. J. Green, J. A. Coquillard, R. A. Kasper, H. J. McConnell, L. H. Luken, W. R. Hickey, W. Von Albade, G. C. Beardslee, J. C. McLernon.

THE PHILOPATRIANS, 1898.



Exchanges.

To be able to write well—to be able to send forth month after month a readable magazine that has few, if any, equals among the convent journals of the country—is the happy privilege enjoyed by the editors of the *St. Mary's Chimes*. The *Chimes* is always welcome, because we know that although, like everything else that comes from the hand of man—and woman,—it occasionally has its "off-day," it never descends to the commonplace. Now comes the April number to show the world that it can rise far above its ordinary level, which is far from the commonplace. The writings of artists like Mr. Howard Pyle, Mr. Frederick Remington, Mr. Joseph Pennell and Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, prove that literature and art go hand in hand, and if one wants still further proof let him open the pages of the April *Chimes*.

There are many clever pen-and ink drawings scattered through the number, and very few of them look like the work of amateur illustrators. Miss Murphy has our thanks for the pleasure we have derived from her "Surrexit, non Est Hic." The metre is original and in keeping with the deeply religious thought of the poem. "Lowell, a Lover of Birds" is an appreciative sketch of the New England bookman and his relations with his feathered friends. Miss Murfey's remarks and her drawings have given us courage to suggest that she organize a branch of the Audubon Society at St. Mary's, "in the ranks of the enemy." We have small hopes for the success of the society, however, after reading the lines,

"With a hat bearing high the wings of a dove," and the other clever verses on the same page that have the Easter bonnet for their theme. We should like to read much more from Miss Brown's pen. Her prose always contains much original thought, and for ease it has few equals in college journalism.

Our Friends.

—Miss Tormey of Niles, Michigan, attended the band concert on Easter Monday.

—Miss Elizabeth Kasper of Chicago visited her brothers of Carroll Hall during the week.

—Master Charles Williams of St. Edward's Hall entertained his mother during the week.

—Mr. Charles J. Reuss entertained his sister, Miss Edna Reuss, of Fort Wayne, during the Easter season.

—Miss Rozelle Meegan of Fort Wayne was the guest of friends at Notre Dame and St. Mary's recently.

—Mrs. Griffith of Chicago visited her son, Master Lynn Griffith of St. Edward's Hall, during Easter week.

—Mrs. Fleischer of Chicago spent the early part of the week with her son, who is a student in St. Edward's Hall.

—Mrs. Ball visited her son, Mr. Cecil Ball of Carroll Hall, on Wednesday. Mrs. Ball made many new friends while at the University.

—Mr. Garrity came down from Chicago on Wednesday to attend the Philopatrians' play, in which his son, Master Leo Garrity, took part.

—Mrs. Ward of Chicago, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Ella, was the guest during the week of her sons, Mr. Walter and Mr. James Ward of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. D. H. McBride, of Akron, Ohio, a member of the well-known publishing firm of McBride and Company, spent a few days with his sons during the week.

—An old Notre Dame man, Mr. M. T. Burns, has written from Washington to friends at the University recently. Mr. Burns has accepted a lucrative department position at the Capital. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him success.

—Mr. George Stoffel of Dayton, Ohio, was the guest of his grandson, Master Albert Krug of Carroll Hall, during the week. Mr. Stoffel made many new friends during his visit.

—Miss Laura Eggeman of Fort Wayne was the guest of her brother, Mr. John Eggeman of Sorin Hall, during the past week. Miss Eggeman was accompanied by Miss Brown, also of Fort Wayne.

—Mr. McNichols of Chicago was entertained by his sons on Wednesday and Thursday. Mr. McNichols attended the Philopatrians' entertainment, in which his son, Master W. J. McNichols, took a prominent part.

—Very Reverend Father Jeffrion, ex-Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in the Canadian Province, is visiting Notre Dame. Father Jeffrion came because of illness, and he has steadily improved since his arrival. We hope to see him entirely regain his health before many days.

—Two former members of the SCHOLASTIC's Board of Editors, Mr. John D. O'Shea and Mr. Michael Ryan, received deaconship orders at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, last week. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates both gentlemen, and it is the earnest wish of their Notre Dame friends and the present Board of Editors that they will be given the grace to successfully enter the priesthood.

—At the city election in Watertown, Wisconsin, last week Mr. Henry Mulberger (student '85-'86) was elected mayor by an overwhelming majority. Mr. Mulberger is but twenty-seven years of age, and is probably the youngest mayor in the country. He is a brother of Mr. Arthur Mulberger (student '95-'96). Judging from his work at Notre Dame and his success since leaving college, the citizens of Watertown have made a wise choice for the city's chief official.

Baseball.

Last Monday the Varsity faced for the first time an aggregation that could by the widest stretch of imagination be called a ball team. Up to that time, Powers' men had been playing friendly, unselfish games among themselves and against any nine that would come out. True, their opponents of Monday were not so strong, but the spectators felt that the season was at hand when the Varsity battery and the probable in-field got into position.

South Bend furnished six professionals, the nucleus of this year's team, and three college players, Dillon, Becker and Murray went in to help out the visitors. There was nothing startling or sensational about the game which dragged through five innings. South Bend played leisurely, and while at times the Varsity livened up matters, the general play was slow. Becker of Carroll Hall caught a pretty game and batted nicely for the strangers.

For Notre Dame, Gibson pitched easily. While he did not exert himself five South Benders struck out and he kept the ball in the vicinity of the plate all the time. Captain Powers caught well and put more spirit in his work than did his subordinates. McDonald landed on the leather every time he came up, and it looks as if the big guardian of the first sack will be the game with the stick this season. If McDonald bats as well as he fields he will make a lot of other first-basemen look like selling-platers. Fleming is sacrificing to advantage and is getting accustomed to his new position at third. Donahue lost his bearings in a short-stop play and fumbled hopelessly, but later in the game recovered himself and got into a double play with McNichols and McDonald. Daly played centre in a half-hearted fashion and Farley replaced him. Callahan in right and Herman in left had nothing to do.

Barring erratic work at short occasionally and the general stampede whenever there is a chance for a run-out between bases, the Varsity is playing well in the field. More attention to backing up and team-work in general would not be amiss, and in the batting there is room for improvement. The score at the end of five innings' play on Monday was 12-3 in favor of Notre Dame.

Michigan will be with us and against us Monday, and we all hope the Varsity will win. Surely our chances are better than they were a year ago when we defeated Ann Arbor 18-3. If the veterans on the Varsity play as well as they did on that eventful day and the youngsters do their best, we are sure that when the sun goes down at the close of Monday's battle, the Gold and Blue of Notre Dame will float above the Yellow and Blue of Michigan. At any rate, let us hope so.

Louis T. WEADOCK.

Local Items.

—There will be a meeting of the Temperance Society tomorrow evening.

—The training table for the ball team was started last week, and the men are settling down to an athletic diet.

—Lou Weadock says when a man talks about betting twenty-five dollars on a ball game, he doesn't talk cents.

—Wanted—A rain to lay the dust, then some sunshine to dry up the loose particles of rain, also a warm wind with plenty of shade, then a big crowd at the ball game—that's all.

—The Philopatrians enjoyed a bus ride to South Bend and vicinity Thursday afternoon. Before returning, they were treated to a supper at Nickels by the President, Brother Cyprian.

—1ST STUDENT—"Who is this fellow coming along here? He doesn't go to Notre Dame."

2D STUDENT—"Why not?"

1ST STUDENT—"He hasn't got on a white hat."

—1ST SORINITE—"It's funny how Hartung plays the mandolin at all hours and never gets a note."

2D SORINITE—"Yes, that's true. He's pretty poor at it."

—A voice across the campus: "Wa wayu hu hu ya cigarette."

STRANGER—What is that fellow saying?

STUDENT—"That's the way Mott has of saluting a friend."

—Things look busy over on the Brownson Hall campus. Workmen are banking and fixing the bicycle track; the new gym is fast going up on the tennis courts; the big roller is getting in its work.

—Let us have plenty of good, patriotic rooting at the game Monday, but no ungentlemanly conduct. Notre Dame is noted for the hospitality with which it receives its athletic contestants, and let it keep up this reputation.

—N. GIPPIE—"Are those young ladies photographers?"

O. MALLIE—"No. Why?"

N. GIPPIE—"Judging from the way they took photograph's yesterday, I should think they were."

—MR. EDITOR—What does it mean when a stamp on an envelope is upside down? Please answer.—"T. J. Dooley."

—Either the stamp or the envelope was put on wrong. Please, send twenty cents for the Cuban fund.

—Those who have been looking for something "swell" in monogram paper can find what they want at the students' office. Brother Paul has just received a quantity of it, and the students should avail themselves of this chance and "stock up."

—How easy it is to stand on the side-lines and tell what ought to be done, and what ought not to be done; and how easy it is to sit in an audience and criticise and ridicule every bit of acting that is done on the local stage; but it is not always the wondrous wise man that does this sort of thing.

—Pulskamperholzenmaurer is in a state of felicitous perturbation. "Only dink, it is yet only acht veeks, ven I und Lou will by each other be, alretty. Ach, mein poosom balbiddates shust as ven I see pig-feets, ain't I. Dink of it Stuhlfautherreisenheimer, only a leetle."

"Ya," whispered the other melodiously.

—B. RONSON—"I saw a fellow throw a match into the lake the other day and it lit on the water."

CARO LIGHT—"That's nothing. Thames was sitting on top of the duck house the other day smoking a cigar. I asked him what he was doing, and he said he was taking a smoke *on the house*."

—It is a shame how athletic sports are allowed to die in Sorin Hall. Sorinites positively seem to take no interest in athletics. It was only the other day that someone tried to start a "duck-on-the-rock" game, but nobody would follow, and now here it is right in the marble season, and no one will go down town to get some marbles. Fie! fie! on such a spirit!

Captain Bob Franey is organizing a regiment of artillery out of the strong members of Sorin Hall. This body will be noted, not so much for its bravery as for its strategy. McDonney will be chief gunner. Woe betide the fortress he assails! J. Vick O'Brien has invented a new combustible that will rival the Grecian fire. It gives off a poisonous gas that kills the victim in one breath. Bob will write for Jess to lead the regiment band.

—Vignon, the warm weather is here. During the long evenings. Giles and his namesake and others stroll over to the stile and around the lake, and watch the robins and the ducks and talk about that department store and Shakspere and argue about the question, "how much would I be if I wasn't so much as I am." Vignon, the days are being counted too. Hickey says there are so many or so many each day; and he smiles himself to sleep at the thought of June being one day nearer. He trots about spoiling kodak plates and wonders why time doesn't move faster. Vignon, we are happy now, for we shall have finished another year soon, and then we will be a year older.

—At the last meeting of the Law Debating Society, the discussion regarding Hawaii closed. The annexationists, represented by F. Henry Würzer and F. Dreher, won. Their opponents were Messrs. Weadock and Corcoran. The society listened with great attention to a patriotically conservative address on the Cuban

question by Colonel Hoynes. The Dean of the Law School treated the subject from the standpoint of international law.

In Moot-Court, Alfred J. Black received \$5000 damages from the Michigan Central Railroad Company. The plaintiff was represented by his attorneys, C. M. Niezer and Joseph Haley, while the company's interests were taken care of by F. P. Dreher and James Murphy. The case was an interesting one and was tried with much skill by both sides.

—On Thursday, the second game of the practice series was played with South Bend. The visitors put up a stronger team than that of Monday, and gave the Varsity a scare in the first inning. After that, however, the game was easy for Notre Dame. The Varsity found the ball frequently, and bunched hits in the third. The features were Captain Powers' smashing three-bagger in the second, scoring two men, and a pretty running catch by Wilson in right field. Donahue, Callahan and Daly hit well. A large crowd saw the game, and baseball fever is again prevalent.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 R. H. E.
SOUTH BEND:—3 0 0 0 3 6 9
NOTRE DAME:—3 3 4 5 x 15 10 4

BATTERIES:—South Bend, Reardon, Goose, Murray and Hess. Notre Dame, Gibson and Powers. Struck out by Gibson, 5; by Reardon, 2. Base on balls, off Gibson, 0; off Reardon, 4. Stolen bases, Donahue, Daly, Wilson. Passed balls, Powers, 0; Hess, 4. Three-base hit, Powers.

—One minute comedietta in Cheston's room. Cast of characters—Ather and Bill.

"Jiggers, Bill, dump the cards, they're coming."

"Who?"

"The visitors we saw."

"What visitors?"

"The fair ones."

"Let 'em come!"

"Not on your life!"

"Why?"

"Dehony's got my best cravat, and Sticker's wearing my new hat."

"I guess—"

"Sh—!"

(Treble voices are heard outside.)

1ST VOICE. "Who's room is this?"

BASE VOICE. "Cheston's?"

2D VOICE. "Oh! that big, long, ungainly fellow with the horrid smile. Isn't he frightful?"

1ST VOICE. "I think he's lovely."

BASE VOICE. "Here's Frank's room."

(Voices die away down the corridor.)

ATHER. "Say, Bill, they're gone. I wonder who that first one was that said I was lovely."

"Some one with bad taste."

Scuffle. Curtain.

—The tennis players put in one hard day's work at least this year. The courts were worked over by the graders, and the members of the club rolled them and put on the finishing touches even to setting the posts and marking the courts. The attempt to get a court at Sorin

Hall was abandoned, and the two halls have joined forces in forming one Club. Officers will be elected at the meeting to be held tomorrow.

—Edw. Hierholzer, an old student, has been taking photographs at the University during the past few days. In his collection he has a picture of Ignatz going to class, another of Fennessey declining to enter some contest, and a large-sized one of a student passing Mr. O'Brien without asking him if there is any steam. Then he has a beautiful, life-sized picture of Sam Spalding in motion and another of Willie getting up on time. The collection is a rare one, and the negatives should be preserved.

—A monster benefit carnival has been arranged in Brownson Hall. Mike Daly has consented to stand for kodak pictures at two bits a stand, and donate the proceeds. Adams will jump from the top of the dome into a bucket of water if he is guaranteed three dollars. Ensign will write a three-act monologue, and perform it in pantomime. Wynne will talk against time for the world's record, and veriscope pictures of Duperier in the dagger scene will complete the program. The managers are unable to decide whether to donate the proceeds to the Athletic Association or to the Home of Indigent white people in Liberia.

—What beautiful weather we are having—so conducive to hard study and good health. And what delightful mornings! Dear me, and just to think how those sluggards lie in bed and debate whether or not they will get up in time for prayer. How splendid they would feel if they would only take a run around the lake five or six times before breakfast, or saw a few cords of wood, or chase one another around with clubs like McDonney and Franey do. That would invigorate them, and give them a good appetite. One student tells us that he rises every morning at 4.01 sharp, and takes thirteen shower baths and four plunges and then rubs his body briskly with a coffee sack; another tells us that he chases himself around the campus nine times one way and nine times the other way every morning before breakfast, while a third says he gets enough exercise trying to keep balanced in his narrow bed. All this is good exercise, nevertheless, and every student should try something of the kind. Jump out of the third story window two or three times a day, or go down in the bicycle room and pump up all the wheels with Jamie's little pump, or slide down the banister. Do anything, but do something.

—Sorin Hall has been honored with many visitors during the past week, and it is needless to say that many a rug has been given an extra shaking in anticipation of a visit from some fair one. Sweet, feminine voices have been heard almost daily resounding through the corridors, and the merry hum of voices and the chattering of Chester's teeth, when he thought they were coming his way, have served to make

things unusually lively in the hall. Certain students, when they thought some one was coming toward their rooms, would don cap and gown, swing open their doors, and then with knitted brows sit studying over some deep philosophical work just as the visitors would enter; others, those of the free and easy, would drop carelessly into an arm-chair, and with pipe in mouth (empty pipe, be it remembered) and heels cocked up, would be perusing a newspaper when the visitors passed. It is said of one poor fellow that when he heard a knock at his door he crawled under his bed, but his friends entered his room nevertheless, saying that they would wait until he returned if they had to wait all day. After a half hour the young man crawled out and said: "Pardon me, for keeping you waiting so long; but, do you know, I have been looking for a hand-ball that I am sure I put under my bed." (I guess that was a poor one.)

SPECIAL CALL TO INDIANA COLLEGE REPUBLICANS.

In addition to the official call for the national convention of the American Republican College League, to be held in Indianapolis, F. Henry Wurzer, Secretary, has issued the following special call to the Republican students of the Indiana colleges.

A meeting of Indiana College Republicans is hereby called to be held in Indianapolis, May 19, at 10 a. m., at the Dennison House, for the purpose of organizing the various college Republican clubs of Indiana into a state league. Every college in the State ought to be represented at this meeting. Such as may, at this time, have no organized Republican club should organize such a club at once and elect delegates, or send some leading Republican student.

In cases where for any reason it should prove impossible for the college or college Republican club to send delegates, it is urged that some student who will attend the Track Meet of the Indiana Intercollegiate Athletic Association, or some alumnus resident in Indianapolis be given proper credentials, as by proxy, that thus every college in the State may be represented.

The American Republican College League holds its conventions at the same place on the 19th and 20th, and delegates to this convention may also be made delegates to the Indiana convention. The railroads will grant reduced rates.

In view of the important campaign this fall every Republican student, especially if he be a voter, should interest himself in the perfection of this proposed organization.

Arnold L. Davis, University of Michigan, Pres. American Republican College League.

F. Henry Wurzer, University of Notre Dame, Sec. American Republican College League.